Sir HENRY VANES

# POLITICKS

OR HIS

# Cases of Conscience:

Lately found in his Cabinet at ARABIE,

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SEN.

*Fructus est Scelerum nullum tibi Scelus putare.*

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LONDON,

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# POLITICKS

OR HIS

## Rules of Conscience:

LONDON,

# The Politick AUTHOR TO THE *Fift Monarchy* READER.

*THese my* Politicks *or* Caſes *of* Conſcience, *if the* Manuſcript *chance to fall into the hands of a Stranger, I ſhall expect this civil Favour, that they may be joyn'd to* HASLERIGGS Poſthuma's *to whom theſe were formerly communicated.*

2036:12

# Sir HENRY VANES POLITICKS:

## OR HIS

## Cases of Conscience.

AMbition being usually vers'd in the quest of *Honour*; which unless derived from our *Ancestor*, falls oftner into the *Claws* of the *Pursuer* by *purchase* then *merit*, cannot chuse but meet with a *Competitor*: and the only way to *sink* him is to *side* with him. With much indeerment to pretend love unto him, following him like his *shadow*, till he steps near the *brink* of his *precipice*, and then leave him.

I have ofttimes heard in our *State-distractions* of *Active and Passive Obedience*; and I ever held the *Passive* a token of a *pusillanimous Spirit*, chusing rather to appear *Active*, especially when *Action* took head from *Innovation*: unless the *Passive* gave breath to *Faction*.

Treason only bears that name, when it falls short of *successe*: A fair and prosperous *Issue* finds way how to cloath vice, be it never so ugly, with an opinionate *tinct* of *beauty*.

He deserves not the name of a *thriving Traitor*, who walks not smoothly in the roughest tracks of humane Policy: becoming such a *Secretary*, as his *Bosom-mischief* admits no *Discovery*.

Popular Faction seldom mounts to the height of Treason: It is safer

safer then to cleave to the *People* in a time of *Division*, then to the Interest of any particular Person.

The voice of a Multitude sounds high: a single interest low.

The face of a peculiar right, though it bear only a *show* of what it pretends, is to be born up with a *spirit* of *confidence*.

*Honest Causes* may be mannaged well by *weaker Advocates*: but *lame Titles* are to be carryed on *stronger soulders*.

He is a weak *Statist* who prefers *publick Good* before *Self-interest*. This is the *wheel* by which the whole World receives its motion. What is all the world to me, appearing wanting to my self? May the *Universe* rather suffer ruine, then I in this Deluge of a luxurious State decrease in my fortune.

He who asks *Counsell* of his *Conscience*, retains a *Counsellour* to his prejudice. To be *Conscientious* and *rich* were a rare influence. If rain come not from the Clouds without seeking: nor fruits from the Clots without tilling; doubtlesly the worldling cannot get wealth, unless he apprentice himself to the world by bidding defiance to the tenderness of a squeamish Conscience.

He would make an *ill Secretary*, who makes his *heart* too familiar with his *tongue*. He who has not got the garb of professing Courtesies where he least intends them, makes himself a *Debtor* when he needs not, by obliging his reputation in a Complemental promise, what he might easily dispence withall, in actuall performance. Addresses and protests of services are to be presented to the measure of the Supplicants interest: wherein if he thrive not, he need not gratifie his *Assistants* for it: and if he succeed, he may forget it. Favours are only to retain a memory during their pursuit: He who thinks longer on them, over-values them. The progress of my time has been sufficiently schooled in Principles properly relating to Country, Court and City. During my converse with the first, I might find a giddy uncertain temper accompanyed with a mint of distempers: Churles of a light and corky humour; quickly got, and as easily lost.

But deluded they might be without much difficulty. An affable countenance, or a good word spoken in their behalf on the Bench or publick Sessions, though nothing less were intended, may gain him for ever. Now there be two sorts of these Pesants, as

as if they were *Antipodes* by their oppoſition one to the other, irreconcileably different both in nature and humour. For the one will *bow* before it *break*; the other will *break* before it *bow*. A ſtormy countenance will ſubdue the one; but an active hand muſt be exercis'd upon the other.

Stiffe hydes muſt be ſtrongly wrought upon. The only way to cure theſe rough ſpirits is to cool them. They have not ſufficiently felt the *heat* of the *day*. The means to alter their nature and ſupple their humour, is to weaken their fortune. Burden their ſhoulders with impoſitions, heavy taxes and aſſeſſes. Theſe will calm the ſtorm be it never ſo violent; and thwart their deſigns, be their *Abetters* never ſo turbulent; want will bring the higheſt ſpirits to be creſt-fallen. This our late *Anarchy* had ſufficient experience on, and made uſe of it, otherwiſe it could never have ſo miraculouſly ſtood. But this it was to ſet *Conſcience* in the *Reer*, and *Humane Policy* in the *Front*. Gradual deſcents may ſupport themſelves and ſtand on their own legs; whereas Uſurped States fall under their own weight, without ſuch intervening Props. The beſt way to plant a new Government, is to diſcredit the old; to ingratiate Neuters; oblige Favorites; promiſe freedom to the people; Revenues to the adverſe party; with accidental honour to all ſuch *Factions* as ſided with the Army. This courſe we took timely, and ſucceeded happily.

Again, in the *Court* theſe Politick Obſervations have improv'd many; and of early *Lapwings*, made them *Courtly Elders*, apt to improve their *purchas'd places* to the beſt advantage. The Court, though it be properly ſtyl'd the *Lions Den*; it is a ſtrange kind of *Building*; whoſe *Materials* conſiſt of Addreſſes, Receipts, and Expectancies. For the firſt, application is to be uſed according to the quality and temper of the *Regent*. As for the *legality* of his *Title* it skills not much whether *lineally deſcended*, or *uſurpingly advanced*. The *riſing Sun* is ever to be *adored*. Crownes have their fates, limits and periods, as well as inferiour conditions. He deſerves not the opinion of a Politician, nor of an ordinary qualified ſubject, who equally values not his commands, who has mis'd himſelf by *Conqueſt*, with His who may challenge a Soveraignty by deſcent.

A *Conqueror* who from my Principles diſſents not, is to be pre-

preferred in my sphere before the *right Heir* to a Crown, holding *Principles* different. It is the safest way to make our *Addresses* to that person who commands *most*, rather then to him who commands *best*. Tyranny is a just Soveraignty, so long as it can support that Superiority by its own power, or assistance abroad. Regality being *absolute* is not to admit a dispute. He is worthy to wear a Diacem that can win it. Now admit, that the tide should turn: and that the *Naile* which was the *highest* should become in the *spoak* the *lowest*, it is but turning the face of our *Addresses* another way, we are with fresh acclamations in our long-expected change (at least pretend so) to rejoyce in that revolution, and so ingratiate our selves by deluding that late-rising spirit with a fauning imposture. These *Addresses* are meer formalities; wherein should we discover the reality of our own thoughts, by advantaging our selves least, we might fool our selves and Relations most.

Some speak what they think, other think least what they speak. And these be they who merit my approvement: and whose acquaintance has so highly improv'd me, as from their *Principles* I have learned to account *Dissimulation* my *Darling*. It is not for a States-man to wish with *Epicurus* that there were *windows* in his *Breast*. Such transparent Lights discover more *Innocence* then would become a *Statist*. He whose down-right simplicity partakes so much of the *Dove*, as he shares not at all with the *Serpent*; deserves to be rank't among the Catalogue of Fools. That thin-spun conscience of his will bring him to contempt in his life, and beggery at his death. He who can dispence with *Cases* of *Conscience* best, and finds least *tenderness* in it, is sure to thrive best, and inlarge his Revenues most by it. And this is an experimental truth: That he who serves not his own turn first; but either equals or prefers an others *Concern* before his own *Interest*, may retain the opinion of a *good man*, which appears an insignificant attribute in the estimate of a *wise worldling*; but shall never attain to the Title of a *Great man*, being the onely aim of a *rising Politician*.

Instances of piety I dislike not; they are excellent *vizards* in this *Masquery* of State; in disguising the pretender, and presenting him *outwardly* most, in what he is *inwardly* least. Which course

course we should in our *Addresses* wisely observe. It is one thing to look upon the *Sun*, when he is in his Splendor; an other when he is setting in a Cloud.

If rising, adore him; if declining, let your *Addresses* fall with him. Compliance with time will tune best to your advantage. *Addresses* are soon made, and to the Current of time as quickly altered. For why should any rational man pin his assurance upon any Soveraignty, seeing all Governments are subject to *mutability*: and we in that change bound onely to obey the present Authority? Though my Judgement, I must ingeniously confesse, did neither adhere to this nor that, but to a flat *Anarchy*. Or to that which did nearly resemble it, a *Fifth-Monarchy*; wherein I stood hopeful to obtain a *priority*; so timely had I ingratiated my self and my Relations by popular affection; the only way to beget an influence over the Votes and Voices of the People in any such Election. Which, if *Division* had not made a *Breach* amongst our selves, might have easily been effected. As for the *Leveller*, my conceipt stood ever at distance with him. I had an eye upon my Estate: and I found it to be of that dimension, as it held no diametrical proportion with a *Levellers* condition.

But from this *Levelry* I should never have dissented, had not the fulnesse of my Fortunes made me their Enemy; and drawn me from embracing that *Platonick Law*, whereon they builded. It was *Propriety*, which acts with the strongest violence and powerful'st influence over Persons of all qualities, that brought me to think that *Tenet* of *Community* a top-branch of State-heresie. He who is either richer or greater then another, and can be content to share in his fortunes or honours with another; Merits in the Order of Account no better place then the room of a *Cipher*. There is no State nor Seat more suitable for a Levelry then a Court-Livery: especially when that Representative body moulds it self to the Constitution of *Vitellius*, where all things were in *Common*. Delights and Pleasures communicable; a free and hospitable Table. Want in nothing, not so much as in wantonnesse to complete their Court-solace. Such was the freedom of those liberal times; wherein nothing became the State worse; nor suited with the humor of a profuse Court lesse, then a *modish* gravity which begot a disgust in the serious Patritian; though

insinuingly consented the youthfull libertine, who gave loose reins to the swinge of his desires e running both fame and fortune on a desperate Shelf. But this *ranting Levell* could not hold out long. Though they sociably shared in the freedom of their dalliance, so long as their Patrimonies lasted, they became either Bonks or way-them in the Conclusion. Thus did their *Comicall Scenes* ever close with a Tragical *Exit*. Yet these had their *Addresses*, but with such a *pitifull complaining*, being in the lowest Ebbe of their fortunes, as their contemptible Petitions redounded more to their dishonour (if any such brand can befall a begger) then any probable hope of relief.

They found, though one Swallow made no Summer; a Prodigals Summer made many Swallows: but when those *profuse Nests* grew thin of *feathers*, they quickly chang'd their *Winter quarter* for a *warmer* Harbour. Thus were these frolick youths, who finged their light wings like foolish Flyes, in the glowing flames of Prodigality, created Pensioners of Poverty: known only by what they were, and scarcely acknowledged of what they are.

But our *Addresses* in our late innovated Government were quite of another humour. We could confidently say with that subtile *Syracusan*, who had got the art to ingratiate himself with all Commanders, that he had a Soul moulded for any impression: and that a *Tyrant* (provided that he might be admitted his *Favorite*) should be as dear to his Bosom as the mildest and justest Emperour. It was neither lineal descent nor personal desert that could over-byas him: and my Judgement runs diametrically with his. I shall be onely his Subject (if a *Superiour hand* injoyn me to be subject unto any) who makes his *Will* his *Law*: and gives me power to *order* his *will*. Absolute Princes are of too *swelling* a *Command*. They will be *Cæsars* or *None*: till they fall from *Cæsars* to be *None*.

Shall I from my own *Bosom-Principles* freely discover my thoughts? I held long correspondency with *OLIVER*, having found him a person of a strong brain, and a daring Spirit. I considered how he had over-witted many, and those of eminent quality. How he from a *mean Officer*, yea scarcely capable of that *Title*, had marched up from the *Rear* to the *Van*, taking upon him

to

to *command* all his *Superiours*. This seem'd to me an Assay of matchlesst prudence and Martial valour, or some Diabolical Contract and Imposture. And my Conceit stood rather for the latter: having seen him pursue his perillous adventures with numerous victories: managing his affairs with that successe, as they were observ'd to set rarely in a Cloud. Yet for all this, the Eye of my apprehension though much dazled, it was not so darkned, but it might discover light through a small Granny. For though none stood more upon his guard for prevention of all discovery in his thoughts, the pursuit whereof, like *Domitians* Flies, was onely known unto himself, yet *Tarpeira*-like they betray'd their Master, by suffering *Passion* to play the Traitor. Promotion declares what men be: which might be to life instanced in him, and the *Pagentry* of his *surreptitious* State. For before his *barmy* Greatness; that *whirle-wind* which hoised him to an unexpected rise; and afterwards blew him down to a desperate fall; (for that whirle-wind threw him down, which had formerly heav'd him up.) Before, I say, that swoln *Puffin* rose to that growth and immense grandure (such a strange Impostor is Honour,) He appeareth to those that knew him, to be of an even and clear temper, patient of labour, seemingly indifferent for honour, ready to do any one a favour. But no sooner grown high, then he became a Stranger to those low thoughts. To remit injuries he held an indignity to a Person of his Quality: and to defer revenge when opportunity offer'd it self, to pursue it, though the Cause were never so groundless, he held it an act of improvidence, usually proceeding from a weak and indigent Spirit, which his restlesse bravery scorned. Thus did this confident Conquerour change his *shape* with his *State*. Honour had moulded him to another humour. Nothing now but fire and faggot. His Passion grew deep-embrew'd in blood. His *thoughts* were wholly *crimson*. His Eyes *blood-shot*. For his jealousie had mounted to that height, as he feared his own, lest they should dispossess him of that wherin he had no interest. Jealousies and Fears were his Furies. And lest his suspicious thoughts should be clear from a Conceipt of Treason, he would not stick to mint one. And to the *Block* he might go, were he never so *innocent*. Martyrs he made daily, such was his fury: and to execute his designes, he had furnish'd

his *Abettors* in his *High Court* of Justice with an active *Jury*.

But the *Hatchet* did not startle me so much as his *Ingratitude* towards those whom he had indeared as his nearest Favourites: and whom he had acknowledged his strongest Assistants. This it was that made me look more warily to my footing. And to keep at more distance from the *Lyons Den*. I understood none could be secure, when his *Bosom-friends* were expos'd to such danger: and so highly censur'd to their dishonour.

☞ *Non tutum est in Illum scribere, qui possit proscribere.*

This it was that induc'd me to set my hand to paper; and under an *unknown Name* to return him his true Character: But I could not be so close by my retire, but he appeared as clear by his Intelligence. For a suggested jealousie deprived me of liberty. But that Confinement tallied my disordered thoughts, and by a timely complyance wrought mainly to my advantage. For by the help of an obscure *Character*, whereof I became happily admitted to be the *Expositor*; wherein it was my good fortune to cosin that *Grand Impostor*, unconfine my self, and to regain his opinion, whom though I car'd not for, yet I pretended upon his re-admittance to approve my self his most serviceable Creature. Within short time after by obliging sundry eminent *Chieftans* of our *long-trienniated* Assembly: and that *Great Sultans* dissembling countenance towards me (for we had been both sufficiently school'd in the smooth art of pretending what we were not) my *opinion* grew so strong in the *House*, as it became *positive*. For that poor-passionate Fool *HASLERIG*, whose *Sense* breathed forth wholly in his *Lungs*, promises had made him mine, from hopes of our *Allyance*, though nothing lesse intended: holding it fit to charm such fiery Spirits who might obstruct my *Designs*; which all that time lay so closely smothered in ashes, as niether the diving-brain of the *Protector*, then which none more subtil; nor his coy-duck *Thurloe*, then whom none more instrumental, could possibly discover. Mean time the boundlesse ambition of that aspiring Conquerour could not act more nimbly for a *Self-Monarchy*, then my active undertakings wrought for an *Anarchy*, Wherein my hopes (so strongly were they backt by most of our *Sectaries*) covertly aimed at a popular Superiority. For in *troubled waters* was my onely *fishing*. Distractions were my Directions; which by the timely fall of that mounting *State-mountibank*

*think* had risen to more perfection, had not our *Rump* so unfortunately fallen in pieces, and unravell'd the work.

Now, to our *Court-Principles*, wherein I have been formerly and formally Schooled. As *Addresses* bear a main stroak in it; so *Requests* second it. More *Wooers* then *winners*. But generally it fares with those *Pursuers* of these *Places*, as it doth with *Gaming Houses*, where the *Box* soaks the *Gamesters*. This *Court of Requests* feeds her eager Clients with *Demurrs*. These Silken Advocates, who live by begging, yet hold it a scorn to be rankt in that syle, observe such *Customs* as these in the course of their *Profession*. They are in the first place taught to reserve a supercilious State in the way of their accesse. They must hold a distance, smile not beyond a *point*, for fear to *unstarch* their *look*. They must pretend a *difficulty* in the pursuit of their *Requests*. Mean wares bear low prices. Petitions must be entertain'd as busines of Concern, being to passe through *many hands*: and all those to receive their *proper Ingrediences*, or they perfect not the Cure. But the *Cure* will prove worse then the *Disease*. The Petitioners gains fall into the Sollicitors purse. A Courtiers interest operates strongly upon the frequent concourse and recourse of *weak Supplicants*. And because facility of accesse promiseth hopes of successe; it must be their drift, and that artfully to bar them from all knowledge of more *powerfull Agents*, lest the interposition of their *shade* darken their *light*.

Truth is, though *Cinnamon-trees* be the *Embleams* of *Courtiers*, whose *Bark* is held better worth then all their *Body*; They have the art to oblige, and by pretending Courtesies cunningly to dive into their Petitioners Pockets: for the preferment of whose suits (if faith may be given to a formal Complement) they have bestowed their highest endeavours. But their gracious favour may be properly resembled to the *Sycamore*; all for *shade*, nothing for *fruit*. And though it be a familiar trite Proverb, That *a friend at Court is better then a penny i'th' purse*: yet must pence purchase that friend, or his suit falls to dust. Something has some savour: and his Courtly nose-thirls are not so shut as to neglect the proffer of a reall gratuity for a formal favour.

Whence it is that we may aptly compare them for their attractive quality, to the *Celedonie Stone*; whose property it is to lose

loſe all its power and vertue, unleſſe it be rub'd with gold. But a wiſe practical Courtier may make himſelf capable of a greater advantage then all theſe; by reaping the increaſe of his Petitioners harveſt: and converting his ſuiters requeſt to his own intereſt. Which, if his brains be well ſeaſoned and powerfully ſeconded, may be eaſily effected. The difficulty and ſtrong oppoſition which he meets withall in the purſuance of his deſires may be uſefully aggravated, with the inconveniency of the ſeaſon, and diſtemper of the time: mean while he applies his own Anvile, makes way for the *Seal*, compleats his *work*, and inhanceth his means by his deluded Supplicants credulity. Neither is this *Court-task* for all Agents nor Complemental Attendants. Thoſe whoſe hopes are built on theſe grounds, or who intend to thrive by theſe ways, are to be cloathed with *Confidence* and armed with *Patience*.

Firſt, for *Confidence*, he is to make a ſolemn contract with his face (be his undertakings never ſo ſhamefull) to take no acquaintance with a bluſh. **A** *ſhamefac't Advocate* in that *Court* never gain'd by his Profeſſion. I have been ſometimes an earneſt and eager ſuiter in the queſt both of *profit* and *honour*; and none could ever juſtly taxe me to be ſubject to that feveriſh humour. Yea, it has been my fortune never yet to incounter with that *Competitor*, whom I have not laid flat either by *power* or *art*. If I fell ſhort in theſe, my brain was not ſo barren, nor my ſpirit ſo cool in the track of Revenge; but my *Spleen* knew how to ſtrike at his *Fame*: and by blaſting that, to beget him an *Odium* in the opinion of his powerfulleſt **A**ſſiſtants. This by my long-ſtudyed artifice I uſually practiſed: and in ſhort time ſo improved it; as others *falls* conduced mainly to my *riſing*. So ſtrong an *influence* had *Self-intereſt* o're my thoughts, as I had learned my Leſſon from that Notion of cunning *Celius*, who had a *left hand* to plead with for his *Friends*: but a *right hand* for himſelf.

And for *Patience*, our Modern Poet (whoſe *Inventions* I could never reliſh, becauſe they ſuited not with the *fervour* of my *Spirit*) had ſufficiently by warrantable authority inform'd me in that point, nor was my *Court-infancy* unpractis'd in it:

*He who intends to prosper well at Court,*
*Must suffer injuries, and thank God for't.*

Wherein, though *Patience* too much wrought upon becomes *Fury*, a Serpentine wisdom will ballance the injury: and find opportunity for *Revenge*, after a long silence had *seemingly* kept his thoughts asleep.

It is a great point then of Politick Prudence to conceal wrongs and pocket abuses, but with this Caution, to have a *reserve* for a latter blow, by keeping a stone in your bosom: and to throw it when it may hurt most. This was my *Master-piece*, which I acted with such subtilty & secrecy upon the person of *STRAFFORD*, whom I so mortally hated, as I found it my only way by dispencing with *faith* and *troth*, which I never scrupled at, to dispatch him. I held *Perjury* a light matter, to make that *Eye-sore* of mine appear to the face of the State an Odious Traitor. This I effected successefully and speedily: for like the old *Irish-kerne*, I could never be contented with his censure, fearing it might be revers'd, till I might play at foot-ball with his Head. Neither did any of these actions (so estrang'd were my thoughts from remorce) perplex me, but rather so quieted me, as they never abridged my secret sleeps, nor startled me with affrights; though sundry *fearful Judgements* within our *Family* afterwards struck deeply on me, occasioned from my *Fathers* desperate attempts upon his own Person: and that fatall act of our *Chaplain* (a notable zelot in his own ways) committed in hanging himself: justifying his fact with this result. "*That the iniquities of the Earth made him hasten from thence.*

Whose *devotionall suspension* mounted me one *rung* higher on the *Ladder* of my *Profession*: for at *RABY*, being my *Mansion*, his *Tiburn*, I became mine own *Chaplain*, where I edified my *Congregation* so powerfully in my *Principles*, as the most of those Hearers in my *Synagogue* at *Raby*, grew most *Heterodoxall Rabbies*. Those Doctrinal Tenets which I publickly delivered, were for *grounds* of *Faith* by them received: and as *nails* fastned by the *Elders* of the *Assembly*, faithfully retained. Thus did I labour painfully in my *own Vineyard*: where I *planted* such *griffs* as were

usefull

uſefull for my own *Vintage*: and propagate my *ſaving Doctrine* through all our neighbouring Coaſts and Countreys. This was one of the Inſtrumental means that inlarged my Fame, and improved my Family: being held that only *State-Goſſeller* who had Catechiz'd *Europe* in a *New Faith*. Now for thoſe who hold theſe *private influences* of mine (be they never ſo different from the *known principles* of the *Church*) for *Tares*, I pity their *Teares*; they follow their own *Illuſions*, and know not the Truth. I have chalked out my own ways, and will walk in them: no Apoſtatical conformity ſhall draw me from them. He that ſuffers his *weak ſpirit* to be taught either by *Example* or *Diſcipline* ſhall be none of my *follower*.

But to traverſe my ground: and take a fuller view of that *Courtly Theatre*, which that pleaſant *Paſquill* ingeniouſly call'd the *Long ſhop* furniſh'd with Rarities of all ſorts: and thoſe more ſutable to the *Time*, then deſervient to *Neceſſity*. We ſhall find more *laced without* then *within*. More *poliſhing of the skin*, then refining of the *mind*. Others we ſhall diſcover wholly imploy'd in two Concerns, far more conducing to his ſupportance (if his ſuit obtain ſucceſſe) then the other. For their way was only to be taught how to *wear* their *Cloaths*: whereas theſe made their *Addreſſes* how to *pay* for them.

*Receipts* and *Expectancies* be thoſe two which my *Obſervation* hinted at. Theſe ſoar high, but ſtoop low. *Receipts* are the only *Revenues* of theſe *ſhady Retainers*. So as if their *Springes* catch them not for whom they ſtand, the Petitioners happy *Eſcape* becomes their *fall*. For if fiſhes will not nibble at the bait, the fiſher loſeth his labour.

Now there is one thing that mainly obſtructs this *Court-patient* in the purſuit of his Cure. The *Pool* is no ſooner *troubled*, then a ſtrong hand pulls in a richer Patient. Fortunes muſt needs act moſt, where *Induſtry* is regulated by them. For *Charity* in actions of this *Quality*, is to be entertain'd as a ſtranger; or the *Sollicitor* is broke for ever. As for *Expectances* blown into a confidence by thoſe *bladder-promiſes* of the *Undertaker*, they will ſwell high, but fall flat. Our wiſe *OLIVER* ingratiated more by *Promiſes* then *Rewards*; knowing well that hope of receiving obligeth more then the receipt: being no ſooner got then forgot. Courteſies ſeldom

meet

meet with thankfull Receivers. Expectance injoyns a ſervice; whereas *Memory* commonly takes a ſhort farwell of any Courteſy. But our *Court-friend*, whether he ſucceed well or no, requires no ſuch Remembrancer: He has ſtill ſomething beforehand to gratifie his endeavour. Now it is a great advantage to theſe, who involve themſelves in theſe hazardous adventures by ingaging their reputation upon hope of Reward, to have the *Countenance* of ſome *Eminent Perſon*, under whoſe Umbrage he may ſecure his failings againſt all oppoſition. Nor will it be to his loſſe, ſhould that *Atlas* or Man of Power ſhare with him in thoſe Gratuities. This will ſet him right, by laying a freſh colour on the darniſht face of his ſuit. Greatneſs has been ever a ſubterfuge to guiltineſſe. Nor can any act be ſo criminal, but it may find ſhelter under the wings of adulterate Honour. This my late Authority can experimentally ſpeak to; for both my hand and heart were atteſters of it, and ſharers in it: accounting it an additionall height to my aſſumed Power to caſt a *luſtre* on a *dark* action: and diſguiſe the face of Errour with a counterfeit paint. For as I was naturally from my Cradle irreconciliably paſſive in the burden of an injury; and had the gift with much ſecreſie to cover it, till opportunity were offer'd me to lay hold on Revenge: So there was none to whom I pretended amity (being of the *Anarchicall* Faction) whom my ſtrongeſt aſſiſtance did not ſupport: neither was I ſlow in main aiming their *Opinions*, were they never ſo diſſonant from judgement, before the face of that *weak Aſſembly*, and their *illiterate Claſſes*; which *HUGH PETERS* in his *Paſquil Poſtills* ſo Arithmetically term'd an *hundred fifty Aſſes*. Theſe I totally convinced: and by Arguments brought them unanimouſly to imbrace their Claſſick opinions.

Thus had I during our *Principality*, which breathed out many *Triennials*, an abſolute command, both in the Concerns of *Church* and *Common-weal*: eſpecially after ſuch time as *OLIVER* had turn'd up his heels. For ſuch *Lapwing Regents* as his inſignificant Son *RICHARD*, they were the leaſt of my fears. Such greatneſſe was rather to be *pitied* then *envyed*: being ſo unfit for governing a Kingdom, as they fell ſhort in the Government of themſelves. For after the fall of their *Great Protector*, under whoſe *Tutelage* they might have been ſchool'd in ſome forlorn

points of humane policy, if their effeminate delicacy and unmanly pursuit after inferiour pleasures would have given way : They fell fatally, as our *Rump* did lately, all in pieces.

This opportunity I neglected not, I remember'd the injury that *Old Fox* had done me, and my desire of Revenge after his *profuse Obsequies*, strongly acted on me. This induced me to traverse my ground : and to feel the *Pulse* of the *City*. Whose *Constitution* I supposed to be *feverish*, and consequently more easie to be wrought upon. My former acquaintance with those who were popular or powerfully-factious did much advantage me. Like lines tending to one Centre, we run one way, and in the Evening conferred our Notes together.

A *Fifth-Monarchy* was our *Object*: and who those *Regents* should be, we had positively voted, yet was it ever intended (though others were in this point of different judgment) that this *Government* should have its *Gradation* : and that those who had the best abilities, should be the most dignified. The better qualified, the higher seated. This was purposely acted for my self, whose merits without self-assentation, (which glozingly I ever declined ;) were highly cryed up by my own *Sectaries* ; who sided so strongly with me, as our *Junto* carryed the work all along without contradiction. And to fortifie our designs with *fresh supplies*, I held *Compliance* a singular instrument for advancement of our business. For the better effecting whereof there was neither *Arminian*, *Socinian*, *Familist*, *Anabaptist*, *Independent*, nor *Phanatick* (whom of all *Seperatists* my thoughts most cordially endeared) whose acquaintance I admitted not : and with whose *Assertions* for the time I complyed not. These I over-wrought, won, and made mine own. Whereof though some of them were inconsiderable, I could not be ignorant but their numerous voices might conduce much to my availe, in Cases of Election and Priority of Places. This begot in me such a confidence, as the ground of my hope rais'd its pitch daily one *Story* higher. Divisions at Court brought me Musick in my *retire*. Consanguinity and Affinity broke all to splinters. All would be Protectors, till they were all brought to nothing. Our weakling Protector *RICHARDS* levity, *FLEETWOODS* inconstancy, *DESBROUGHS* infidelity gave wings to my aims. Only *LAMBERTS* concurrence with the

the Army appear'd at firſt ſight a bar, but my intended or rather pretented *Allyance* with him (which had been concluded, if ſome Civil Commotions had not intervened) would have removed all fears, being clearly and prudently managed. A cloſe ſilence, as became actions of that nature and grandeur, kept us like Clowdy *Tiberius*, ſecur'd from jealouſy or compaſſe of diſcovery. And to make way for our *Harveſt*, we made uſe of *OLIVERS Heifers*. *THURLOE* we found an experienc'd Inſtrument for ſuch high Deſigns. One who had gone along ſucceſſefully by *forraign Intelligence* with the aſſiſtance of his politick Maſter Juſtice *St-Johns*, whoſe puny Clerk he had been: and by his ſubtil endeavours rais'd himſelf from a *Mole-hill* to a *Mountain*; from a *Contemptible ſhrub* to an *Eminent Statesman*. This *Dydapper* (for he could cunningly dive into all depths) had by this time diſclaim'd his ſhamefull purſuance of the young *Protectors* Title by his Father *Ordination*, which he had ſo lately with all impudence avouched. But his *worldly wiſdom* had ever ſided with me in this opinion: *That he who ask'd Counſell of his Conſcience, advis'd worſt for his own intereſt*. Being thus ſecur'd, we ſtood confident of proceeding without any rubs in our way. So as, if *Scilla's* ring, which had the power to diſcover, by turning it, any Plot or Treaſon were it never ſo ſecretly couched, had been worn by any of the adverſe part, I was then perſwaded he could not with all his ſubtilty betray our Councell, nor diſcloſe our intendments to the World. For beſide our *Proviſion*, which was the *Sinew* of *War*, it was our principal care to aſſociate with *Confiding-men*, who had ingaged the beſt part of their Fortunes for the good *Old Cauſe*, and extinguiſhing the name of *Monarchy*. Such were the Stays of our new-moulded State.

But amidſt theſe pleaſing gales of *ſecurity*, while we were all along beſulled in this golden Dream; we found our ſelves never leſſe ſecure, then when moſt ſecure. There appeared unexpectedly a *Cloud* in the *North*, preſaging an approaching *Storm*. One whoſe ſeeming *Neutrality* I had long ſuſpected: and whoſe *Name* I had ever hated. Whoſe *Entrance*, though it promiſed to our Party a fair and chearful *Evening*; there aroſe a *Pad* in the *Straw*. Thoſe very *Gates* which were broke down (as was pretended) in obedience to our *Rump*) fell fatally by a ſtrange *Cataſtrophe*, to

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the utter ruine of our Godly *Congregated Assembly*, whereof I was become a *Principal Member*: for upon the sad approach of that *Scotch Army*, our forlorn Society (lo what a sinister Star accompanyed us!) became *dis-rumped*. In which *Breach*, my hopes grew desperately shatter'd, being exposed for a prey to a *Monarchical Power*, which I had ever cordially abjured.

Yet in this my *restraint*, I would have my *well-wishers* know, that though my *pace* be fore-slowed, my *brain* is quickned I have an *Engine* apt for any *Design*. Nor am I wholly idle. It is not long since that *Tryall* of our beheaded King, incomparably better, I cannot but acknowledg; then our Conquering Usurper, wherein though I was no personall Agent in the course of his Trial, nor Judgement of Death; yet must I confess that I had a *long arme* in the pursuance of it. Though *personally* absent, I appear'd *instrumentally* present. My Father and I as we were of one mind, so wrought we together in one *Mold*. Which *HARRY MARTIN* scoffingly (as he did usually) twitted me with, saying, *Young HARRY VANE would be Old HARRY VANE, if he liv'd long enough.*

My resolves shall terminate themselves in this period: though my Contrives cannot accomplish my desires; my desires shall be ever to advance my Designs. Which, when they are accompanyed with most difficulty, they redound most to the undertakers glory. A *Grate* can neither lessen the strength of the Lyons Steer, nor weaken the force of his Paws. Though this *Ward* whereto I am confin'd, abridge my *walk*, it inlargeth my *Will*; which my *occult Character* may occasionally discover, being onely made known to them, to whose secresie I have communicated my thoughts.

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☞Whether I live or dye, which I must leave to the judicial Decree of that *Grand-Assembly*; these my *Politicks* or *Cases of Conscience* may highly conduce to the improvement of Posterity especially of such, whose Studies are bent for their admittance to a State-Academy.

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Sundry other *Principles* upon this *Subject* have I writ, whereto the injury of time and diversion of my hopes have injoyn'd an undispensable silence. *FINIS.*